

By Any Means (Wale, Meek Mill, Pill & Rick Ross)

Maybach Music Group

The guys from Maybach Music Group just released another track off the "Self Made" album set to hit the stores on May 23rd 2011, even if every member is still taking care of their solo career, Wale and his label colleagues still find the time to record for Maybach Music Group.

This time Wale is taking the lead and shaking the music scene, and along with him so do Pill, Rick Ross and Meek Mill. Below you can view the lyrics to By Any Means, produced by Lil Lody and featured on Maybach Music Group's upcoming album "Self Made". Wale- By Any Means Lyrics Feat. Meek Mill, Pill & Rick

Ross[Rick Ross - Chorus]

Pork on the fork, widen the pot

By any means if you like it or not

Malcom X, by any means

Many 14 stuffed in my denim jeans

As-Salamu Alaykum Wa alaikum as salaam

Whatever your religion, kiss the ring on the Don

Real n-gga, street certified, hit the streets whip cost 335[Meek Mill]

No pork on the fork, but it's white in the pot

We chargin' you niggas up you like it or not

Drop the work off the scale, throw some ice in the pot

Then let that Arm & Hammer, hammer it right to Allah

Tryna whip a Rollie or Cartier

Shout out to this Pyrex, that bought this Audemeer

Oops I meant Audemar, my whole team got them

You loving the same b-tch, my whole team poppin'

My hundred dough, I'm wherever that money go

Glock 9 in my underclothes, you cop two of them, we frontin' 4

F-ck n-ggas we dont f-ck with dough

Bad b-tches never lets them know

Keep them round but never trust them, no

This 62 so comfortable

I'm a field n-gga, you a house n-gga

I'm a real n-gga and you's a mouse n-gga

Code red, which means you go red

But I don't knock you I just blame it on your head[Rick Ross - Chorus]

Pork on the fork, widen the pot

By any means if you like it or not

Malcom X, by any means

Many 14 stuffed in my denim jeans

As-Salamu Alaykum Wa alaikum as salaam

Whatever your religion, kiss the ring on the Don

Real n-gga, street certified, hit the streets whip cost 335[Wale]

Malcom X get your hand out my pocket
Some n-ggas walking with death guess they ran out of options
Tell them n-ggas we moving, tell them n-ggas to do it
I swear we going ham, throw some, my n-ggas sew me
They burn on every block,
Snitches aint got no heart
Shit ain't been the same since Ronald Reagan helped Plymouth rock
And we don't land on it Mr. Reagan,
But this gonna make us rich Mr. Reagan
Now As-Salamu Alaykum Wa alaikum as salaam
She near that every Friday and then go to Jumah
Let her play with the box, she give the greatest top
She said these n-ggas out here prayin' she makes salah, word
How they say that we not fly, how they say that we not working
They just need convincing like Malcom Little 'fore he converted
I'm on my deen, Insha Allah I'ma get her right
On the Bible you can run but you can't hide[Rick Ross - Chorus][Pill]
Marching for cars, they put a hole in it
Start the applause, a rebel soul lifted
Preaching for the paper paparazzi, federales severe rallies, massacre lives
Teaching to Shabazz that's Malik on behind the grass
corruption over cash, leave them leaking in the cask'
Aint better, you better rebel, smell cheddar and shells
Malcolm ? platinum in Africa when he sat in a cell
My religion the kitchens, papa formulas
Benjamins to make sure my pockets abnormal
My philosophy is rocks and weed, a partna lean, the glock will squeeze
N-ggas clocking dollars don't know how to read with mouths to feed
It's hard when starving Marcus Garvey messed with Malcolm Little
Knowledge Was obtained, F-ck your chains and your master n-gga
We in the field building muscle while you watch the house
And dusting off the porcelain and open when their cock is out[Rick Ross - Chorus]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>